

THE MASQUE OF
LACKAWANNA
Historical Pageant

Carbondale in
Song, Story, Symbolic
Dancing

July 4th, 1917



PRODUCED UNDER AUSPICES
OF THE
Carbondale Civic Club

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DOROTHY E. A. RUNDLE, Director

Cast of Characters

Lackawanna	Miss Eleanor Jones
Progress	Wesley Baker
Nature	Mrs. J. A. Patten
Anthracite	Miss Dorothy E. A. Rundle
Spirit of River	Miss Gladys Reese
Spirit of Hills	Miss Mildred Patterson
Spirit of Valley	Miss Marion Munn
Indian Chief	Henwood Bone
Leader of Pioneers	E. O. Zarker
Carbondale	Winfield Smith
Industry	Chester Patterson
Trade	Miss Gertrude McCawley
Invention	Miss Violet Tanning
Fame	Miss Cecille Wade
Toil	Nelson Watkins
Waste	Miss Hettie Robbins
Greed	Walter May
Service	Miss Bernice Sampson
Education	Miss Susan Stephens
Science	Lyman Spencer
Justice	Miss Mildred Morrison
Beauty	Miss Natalie Fulkerson
Play	John Beach

Groups of Sun Spirits—Nymphs, Birds, Flowers,
Animals, Butterflies, Indians, Pioneers, Smoke, Flame,
Immigrants, Smoke and Steam.

A Masque of Lackawanna

Episode 1 The Prologue

Lackawanna comes with Nature and Progress.

- (1)
The Spirit Lackawanna bright
Long ruled the Blue Ridge vale
E're Indians feared conquerors white
Or the world knew Anthracite
Or men built Carbondale.
- (2)
With sunshine of the ages past
She filled each dusky hole
Of ancient trees the hills kept fast
Within to render man at last,
Deep hearts and veins of coal.
- (3)
Until man came with too much power
The nymphs and dryods played
With fawn and fay in sun and shower
And golden was the olden hour
Of Indian brave and maid.
- (4)
But man had heard a tale of gold
Of the black diamonds' gleam
That hid within the mountains old
Sunshine, that might be brought and sold
Beside the silver stream.
- (5)
How changed in color and in form
But when at last set free
Its heat remembers summers warm
It conquers winter's cold and storm
And speeds the ships at sea.
- (6)
Then Lackawanna sent a sprite
For this man's new found home,
Carbondale, guardian day and night
Brother soul to Anthracite
With Progress for his own.
- (7)
Progress his servant, his hand maid
And sturdy Industry
Strong here were our foundations laid
Our product of the sun and shade
Goes forth from sea to sea.
- (8)
Forth from this valley thru the states
Our coal has fed the flame
Of hearth and hall and city gates
And transportation ever waits
Upon its mighty name.

(9) In hordes men came, and trees were felled
To break a path for stream
Till woods were gone that Dryods held
And all the wild folk were dispelled
Like creatures of a dream

(10) The river's course was choked by trade
Naught could lead back to light
Its silver stream, and none would aid
Its sick and helpless and afraid,
To set Trade's failures right.

(11) Strong were the sturdy pioneers
Steadfast was their desire
Their hopes were stronger than their fears
Tho thrice within those early years
They suffered punishment of fire.

(12) After the fire new courage came
A new and better day
And education with her train
Of service, science, industry,
And Beauty, twin to play.

(13) Still are the wild folk here, you'll see
Who keep your spirit pure
Pan o' the woods, nymph of the tree
Bidding man's heart be kind and free
And like the children's sure.

Episode 2Sunshine Turned Into Coal

The dance of the sun spirits; Nature captures their leader and changes her into Anthracite.

Nature—

You must be captive many thousand years
Within my dungeon dark, but have no fears
You yet shall burst upon the world in flame
And all mankind shall wait upon your name.

Episode 3The Nature Revel

Nature summons her Spirits to dance before Lackawanna.

Spirits, the Hills, the Valley, and the Stream, with their attendant nymphs; the Flowers and the Butterflies, the Birds and the Animals.

All—Hail Lackawanna, hail! we sing to thee
In every silvery stream and blowing tree.

Lackawanna

All here is beauty and all here is peace
Dance for me Nymphs and Dryods of the trees
And all the lovely Zephyrs of the Hills
Dance 'neath the open sky as nature wills.

Episode 4The Days of the Indian.

The Indians come to dwell with the Nature spirits, and are welcomed by Lackawanna.

Lackawanna

Come friendly Red Man, You we do not fear
You love us all the long and changeful year
Our stream shall give you bright and shining food
Your furs our little creatures of the wood
The trees delight to be your board and bed
We live again in you, we are not dead
We give our bodies to you, we were made
The Red Man thus to house and feed and shade
For in the Indian the Great Spirit sees
His little children, like the Hills and Seas.

Indian Chief

Peace to thee Lackawanna, we shall share
Thy valley and for all thy wood folk care
Our little brothers shall thy people be
We'll name our chiefs from rock and cloud and tree.

Episode 5The Early Settlers Discover Anthracite

The Pioneers come led by rumors of coal, the discovery of the powers of Anthracite, the founding of Carbondale.

Leader of the Settlers

Who are you strange bright spirit, bright yet dark?

Anthracite

Another era for the world I mark,
Many shall come to find me, more shall follow.

Leader of the Settlers

Where do you live?

Anthracite

Within the mountains hollow
Long have I hidden there. Many seek my treasure
And soon shall find it, for it is my pleasure
Then at my bidding all the ships at sea
Shall speed, man's errands all shall wait on me
My time is soon, within the mountain's heart
Mankind shall toil and at my bidding start.

Lackawanna

This brilliant and mysterious stranger
Who brings us fame and yet the tho't of danger
Knocks at my heart, for unknown change has come
To drive my subjects from their peaceful home
Resume your dance of freedom while you may
What the Great Spirit wills we must obey.

Anthracite

I am but sunlight with another name
I have the power to change to radiant flame
Fear me not! Know me better, oh my mother
I am near kin to sunlight, ever my brother.

Lackawanna

You are my child so long hid 'neath the earth
I knew you not. Let us have joy and mirth.
I will call Carbondale, your kindred spirit
To being, to guard here man's day and night.
Come Carbondale, and in the years to be
May Man learn his spirit to set free,
Even as Anthracite frees sunlight old,
Make warm his heart, keep ever pure his gold.

Carbondale

I have been guardian made o'er erring man
Who often will be selfish, when he can,
And yet who will for others give his life
God grant he noble be in peace or strife
While we his better spirits round him go
Forces of good against the wrong, his foe.

Episode 6Industry Brings Toil and Waste

Industry	Fame	Toil	Coal
Trade	Immigrants	Greed	Smoke
Invention	Citizens	Waste	Steam

DANCE OF IMMIGRANTS

Progress

The time has come, it is at last my hour
Not nature now, but Man has chiefest power

Lackawanna

Then speed our Industry but in your toil
Our bodies do not waste, our channels spoil

Toil

Your great trees we must waste our homes to build
By man must forest blood be ruthless spilled.

Spirit of the Hills

Our great trees they lay waste their homes to build
By man is forest blood too lightly spilled.

Spirit of the Valley

Our little birds are flown, let little children love
Their music, bid them look above.

Lackawanna

Their little children bend with too much labor
To listen to the songs of their sweet neighbor.

Spirit of the Stream

Oh, Lackawanna, I am choked with waste
From white man's engines, Oh make haste, make haste;
Softened his heart, my former strength restore
A kinder master I could love the more.

Nature

Oh, Lackawanna, we are sick with toil
Take us away from labor and turmoil.

Lackawanna

Man has not backened, Greed is his desire
I send upon him punishment of fire
Careless of others he too poorly built
Himself he punishes for this his guilt
Man needs rebuke—go, flame that he may know
He may not so lay waste where'ere he go.

THE FIRE DANCE

Lackawanna

Enough, return, man will be kinder now
Since he himself to trouble had to bow.

Episode 7The Coming of Service

Lackawanna

I will the spirit now of Service send
That sees in every living creature, friend
Love, all in white, must hasten to them quick
To old and poor and little children sick
There's need of her, I hear my people crying.

Nature

Oh help us service, we are dying, dying.
(Enter Service, Education, Justice, Science.)

Service

In war or peace I strive to render whole
Man's body, God send peace into his soul
That ever trying to protect its brother
Finds its own health. In this way and no other
Man's spirit shall unto the sunlight win
Serving the needy leaves no time for sin.

DANCE OF PLAY AND BEAUTY.

Lackawanna

Sweet Service teach man Beauty to adore
In every heart to love her more and more
Beauty of brotherhood in man and nature
Of fellowship with every living creature.

Play

Grant that without me man shall not complete his day
It were all night without the light of play.

Progress

I come with Industry, my constant twin
Who welcomes us, the future has let in
With all its gain, and all its greater duty,
Who wrongs us not shall lead his time to Beauty.

Service

He has no time to listen unto wrong
Whose ears are full of Nature's aisles of song.

NATURE DANCES

Carbondale

Upon the world there dawns a better day
The brotherhood of man shall yet hold sway
Spirit of love we welcome thee to Carbondale

Sun of our sky and heaven of our vale
In park and playground may the children dance
And field streams know again the sunlight's glance
And Lackawanna and our Anthracite
Shall ever stand with faces to the light
Till we go on unto your golden day
With even golden ties of work and play
When man's soul finds in Service its release
And all the world a worthy lasting peace.

Episode 8 The Epilogue

Anthracite

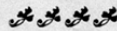
I serve mankind with ancient sunshine warm
And do him ever good and never harm
And Lackawanna we will kneel to you
Who are the one great Spirit's servant true.

Lackawanna

The Indians gave to stream and trail
The name we love today
Who loves his own and native vale
Will love his country, nor can fail
To serve her when he may.

Abroad are wars of fire and sword
And wars of industries
Grant us today and ever, Lord
A better word for our watchword
Our mountain's name of Peace.

Peace, passed thru purifying fire
That shuns not noble strife
That shields the child and aged sire
That lifts the fallen from the mire
To share the civic life.



A Message to the Women of Carbondale

The Carbondale Civic Club is an organization of the women of Carbondale, whose aim is the betterment of the City we all love.

The Club is carrying on many lines of work, some of which are: Planting the Parks, School Inspection, District Nurse, Clean-Up Week, Library and Public Health. Much more work is being planned, only needing women and money to make it possible.

If you are a woman living in Carbondale, why is it not your duty to help in making our City a better place to live?

You can do this by joining the Civic Club. Think it over. Come to the next meeting, and have an active part in all public improvements.